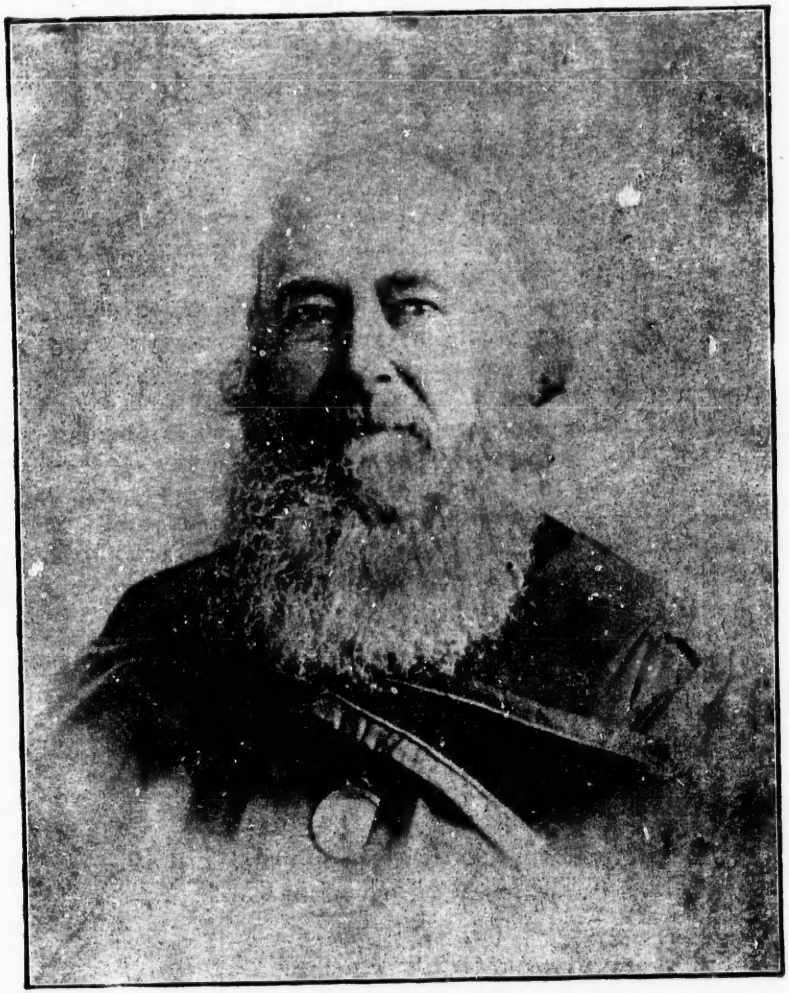

Rev. Charles Chiniquy, D.D.

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The following poem was written by Prof. John Moore, and read at a meeting in the People's Temple, Boston, Mass., addressed by Father Chiniquy.

Dr. Chiniquy is now in his eighty-ninth year, and was a Romish priest in Canada for twenty-five years. Nearly forty years ago he renounced popery, and has been engaged ever since in combatting papal idolatry and spreading a pure Christianity. He has been instrumental in converting 45,000 Romanists, and in founding 100 churches. He has expended over $200,000 in the cause. His "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," is the most remarkable book of its class of the century, containing over 800 pages. There is no man since Luther and Knox who has done so much to shake Romanism in the Old World and the New, as he.

God in his providence does strangely move
To raise up men the world to improve;
At first the hope seemed very small,
But time proved there was a holy call.

Some men are raised when things seem dark,
To lead the cause in which to embark.
Great forces rise to chill their zeal,
But soon find power behind that's real.

Popery and truth are now in conflict
And though Christ's enemies try to inflict
Mortal wounds in their unholy fight,
The truth at last must vindicate the right.

One champion in our age has risen,
Whose name is Chiniquy; not to be driven
From his bold stand against the Pope,
Guided by star of beaming Christian hope.

Brought up in the dark Church of Rome,
Where he tried to find a Christian home;
But light did flash upon his eyes
To see that popery was full of lies.

The Bible to him was true and real,
Which fired his soul with holy zeal.
He preached its truth with force and might;
The Spirit spake within that he was right.

Hence persecution rose in fiery storms
To overwhelm him in hellish forms;
But fearless he fought with tongue and pen,
Defiant of all plans of wicked men.

Among noble friends who to him came
Was one whose name is high in fame—
'Twas Abraham Lincoln, who to the last
Showed love for Chiniquy which was steadfast.

This knight of the faith does battle still,
He works right on with iron will,
Makes the Pope tremble in his lofty seat,
While he presses the fight for his defeat.

May others rise to take his place,
And onward speed the God-like race,
Till victory crowns their course well won,
And enter heaven when the race is run.